

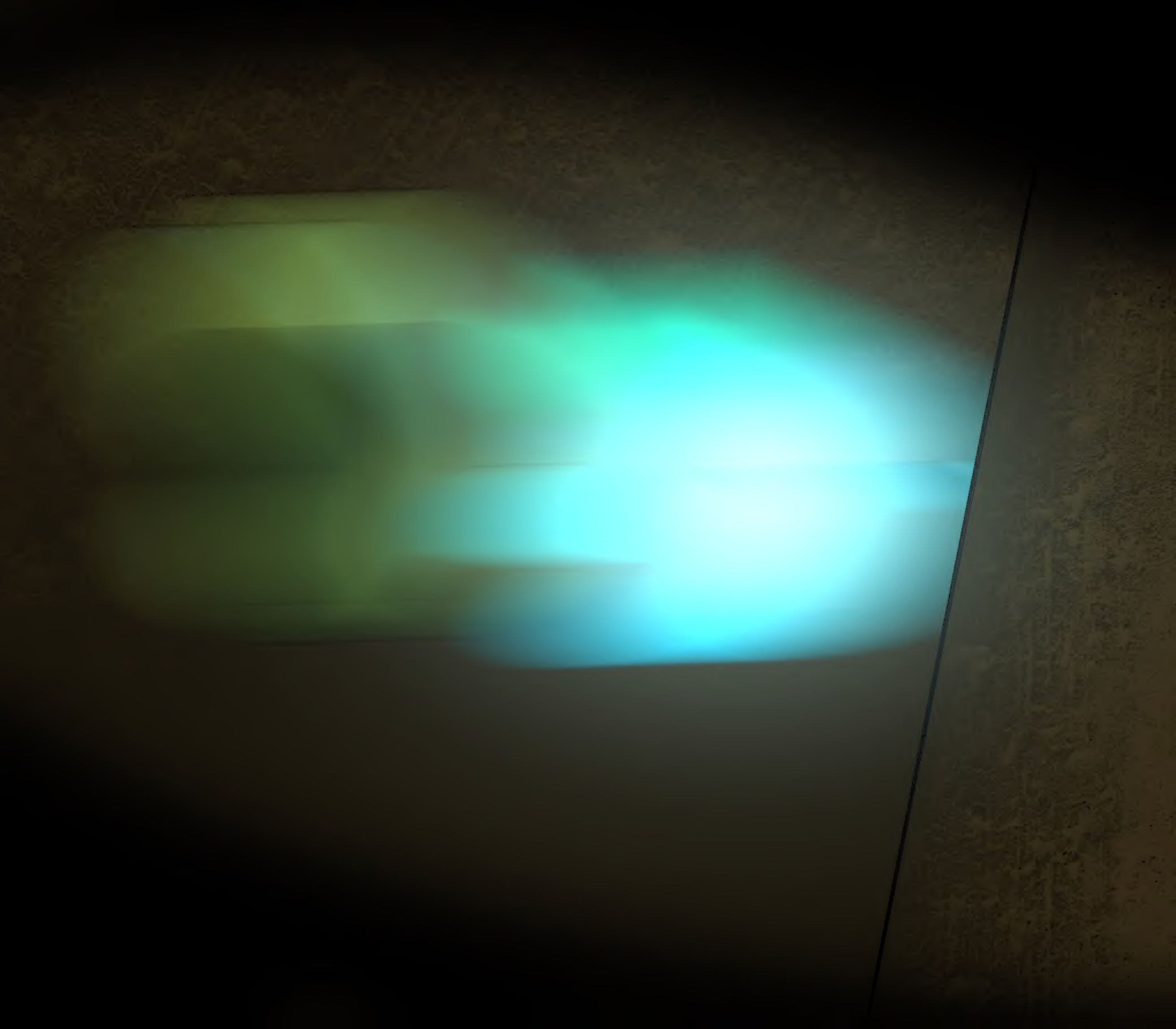


PT: Ugh, the feathers keep tickling my shell...

DB: Don't tuck them in so tightly then!









Yo, you slapped me with your wings. Rude.



Sorry! My fault! A strong gust of wind twisted my skull around, hehehe. Oh this is disorienting for me...



DB: I think I'm stuck, my Guy...

SG: Stand still, you idiot.



Hey, Bud. You still have that Super Horn on ya?



You know it! Here ya go. What do you need it for?



STRANGE THINGS ARE ABOUT TO HAPPEN, MY GUY...